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The "WHITE WOLF"

A FAIRY PLAY IN TWO ACTS

By
MAI PIPES

Author of "The Master's Voice"
"The King's Wish"
"The Fairy Well"

MAI PIPES, Author and Publisher

4613 N. Kedzie Avenue Chicago, Illinois

1915

The Master's Voice

An Historical Play in Three Acts

By MAI PIPES

Written for Girls. The Scenes take place in a palace, and on a house-top in Jerusalem, between Palm Sunday and Good Friday.

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TMP96-006911

$0.75

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DEC 13 1915

CAST

FAIRIES	MORTALS	
Bramblebrier	Prince	
Silver Wings	Jock	Hunters
Blossom	Quince	
Queen of Fairies	William	
King of Fairies	Oliver	
Rose	Corin	
Moss	Silvius	
Evergreen		
Cricket		
Holly Hock		
Butter Cup		
Elf		
Thistle		
Ganda Feather		

Fairies, Attendants to the Prince, etc.

THE WHITE WOLF

ACT I.

SCENE I. FOREST.

(*In center of stage a large oak; ferns and flowers about foot of tree, so arranged that they conceal steps leading up into the branches, which form a throne; music soft and low. Stage in red glow.* SILVER WINGS *suddenly appears from behind white oak as* BRAMBLEBRIER *enters.*)

SILVER WINGS.—Come, merry sprite, seek the dew drops clear
For pearls to hang in the flowerlet's ear.

BRAMBLEBRIER.—Go find them thyself, saucy Silver Wings, nor speak to me in such a manner.

(*Stamps upon his toe. He catches up his foot and groans.*)

SILVER WINGS.—Hoity, toity, what fine airs you do wear.
Well, so be it. I must to the task appointed me
Ere the Queen of all our fairy realm doth appear.
(*Limps off.*)
Oh my foot, my foot.

(BRAMBLEBRIER *dances about—from opposite sides of stage, from out of branches of White Oak, from behind palms, everywhere suddenly with music and tinkle of bells appear the fairy court. Each fairy has a tiny silver bell attached to slipper. Dance—three circles.*)

BRAMBLEBRIER.—Fairies, hence, hence, I pray.
There is something of import I have to say.

FAIRIES (*all*).—Yes, yes.

BRAMBLEBRIER.—We will our merry dance keep here to-night.
You know 'tis pretty Blossom's birthday feast,
So we will crown her with flowers and make her all our joy—
Clothe her in silver cobweb spangled with dewdrops bright.
Wild Rose, Moss, and Evergreen, go pluck the flowers for the wreath.
Hollyhock and Buttercup, find the sheerest cobweb on the green.
And do you, Thistle Down and Ganda Feather, deck the throne.
O! we will have such frolic as ne'er before was seen.
Music and laughter right here upon the green.
(*All laugh, twirl and dance.*)

CRICKET.—Good Bramblebrier, thou wilt be in need of music for thy dance.
Right gladly will I sing.
(*All* FAIRIES *laugh.*)

BRAMBLEBRIER.—For shame to laugh (*stamps foot*) at such a kindly offer.
I hang my head for each and every one.
Good cricket, right gladly I accept your offer
And little Blossom, I know, will happy be.
And give her gracious thanks to thee.
(*Enter* FAIRIES *with wreath and flowers. All circle and dance about them, and sing.*)
Over hill, over dale,
Thro brush, thro brier,
O'er park, over dale,
Thro flood, thro fire,
We've wandered, for cowslips
And daisies so fair

To twine in Sweet Blossom's dark hair.
(*Dance out of circle. Those with cloak appear and present same to* BRAMBLEBRIER.)
By fountain clear, in grove and green,
We hunted this dewdrop spangled sheen.
(*All go to throne and dance about and around.*)
Oh Blossom, sweet Blossom,
We love thee well,
Ever in our midst do dwell.
(*Voice off; all fairies in listening attitude.* BLOSSOM *sings.*)
"Merry Cricket, ever wicked,
Art so little, black and fine
Kiss'd by the mellow moon shine."
(*All pause and listen.*)

BRAMBLEBRIER.—Fairies, fairies, skip away,
'Tis Blossom that doth come this way.

BLOSSOM (*still singing, enters*).—
"Merry Cricket, ever wicked,
Dancing in the sun.
Crickets chirping, full of fun.
Merry Cricket, Pretty Cricket."
(*A happy laugh from her lips as she dances and claps her hands.*)
Ah, how soft the moonlight upon the green—
'Tis strange not a fairy to be seen.
Can it be they have forgotten me
And left me all alone upon my birthday?
Ah well, perhaps I deserve this hurt
And so deserving it I shall not cry
But go to see if all the birds are snugly in their nest.
(*As she starts to climb the White Oak a burst of fairy music and tinkle of bells and shower of flowers upon her, so she sits throned, center stage, midst foliage of oak, while* FAIRIES *dance about her.*)
Lulla lulla lullaby,
Lulla lulla lullaby,
Never harm

Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely Blossom nigh.
A cobweb cloak of silver hue
We now on knee present to you.
(*Two present it.*)
Roses rare and violets sweet
For our sake, we beg thee keep.
(*Present her with flowers.*)
Lulla lulla lullaby,
Lulla lulla lullaby.
Never harm
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely Blossom nigh,
Tra la la la lala la,
Tra la la la lala la.

BLOSSOM (*claps hands*).—O, kind pretty fairies, thanks I do give,
Ne'er forget I this day as long as I live.
(*Enter two* PAGES; *music.*)

BLOSSOM.—Fairies, fairies, begone,
Our queen and her elves; come here, anon.
(*All go to one side of stage, bow low; enter* QUEEN *and her train, takes seat* BLOSSOM *vacated.*)

QUEEN.—What is the meaning of flowers scattered like this?
It seems to me something is amiss.

CRICKET (*pushed forward by others*).—Good Queen, it was only a bit of merry making,
For little Blossom's birthday feast.

ALL.—We beg thee pardon it, most gracious Queen.
(*Enter* KING *of fairies from one side.*)

KING.—What, jealous Queen, because the little Blossom is beloved of all in Fairyland.
Perhaps, thou too would be so loved if thou could'st take lesson of yon same maid in sweet humility.
(*All laugh softly.*)

QUEEN (*to* KING).—How darest thou humiliation on me heap before my court?
Thou shalt not from this grove till I torment thee
And you same maid for this injury.
Silver Wings, come hither.

SILVER WINGS.—My lady, I am here.

QUEEN (*comes down step*).—Elf, throw from off her shoulders that cobweb mantle fine—
Dash to the ground her wreath of flowerlets gay.
(*All moan as* QUEEN'S *orders are obeyed.*)
Silver Wings, take her by the hand.
(QUEEN *snatches* BLOSSOM'S *hand roughly and places it in that of* SILVER WINGS.)
Lead her to forest deep where hunters fierce and cruel do hunt their game
And leave her there, for now in form of great white wolf
Shall she be doomed to walk.

ALL.—A White Wolf, a White Wolf.

QUEEN.—Until some mortal out of kindness great performs a marvelous deed of gentleness
To dumb, wild brute, and not till then will she released be.
(QUEEN *laughs*).
And what is more, 'tis not like to be,
For hunters give not up their game so readily.
I have passed my charm upon her. Go—
And look you meet me, ere the first cock crow.
(SILVER WINGS *takes* BLOSSOM *sadly away. Scream off; all shudder.*)

ALL.—The White Wolf, the White Wolf.

Act II.

(*Chapel of St. Hubert, Patron Saint of Hunters, in background. Hunting scene.* Jock, Oliver, William, Corin, Silvius, Quince, *Hunters; table and canopy front. All grouped about table as curtain goes up, singing.*)—

Heigho, heigho,
We're merry, merry fellows,
Wherever we do go,
Heigho, heigho,
Heigho, heigho.

(*All clap hands, roars of laughter, as* Jock *dances jig on table. Enter* Quince, *another hunter, white with fear and out of breath; motions to others.*)

Quince.—I saw it—I saw it—it's, it's there.

All.—What?

Quince.—The, the White Wolf.

All.—The White Wolf?

(Jock *tumbles head over heels and gets between knees of one of the hunters.*)

Corin.—O, come, come, Quince, pluck up thy courage. I'll protect thee.
See, there is not a truer aim than I in all this country 'round.

(*Shoots. All laugh and applaud.*)

William.—Yes, yes, Quince, be not afraid. We'll protect thee.

All.—We'll protect thee.

Oliver.—Tell us, where didst thou meet this same White Wolf? My arm aches to draw the bow.

Silvius.—And mine. It seemeth to me we have heard naught for many day but of same yon Wolf. I would kill for the mere joy it giveth me.

All.—And I, and I, and I.

SILVIUS.—Methinks there is naught so glorious as to send the arrow into beating heart, and see the wild thing roll and roll, struggle to its feet, then drop in its tracks to rise no more.

WILLIAM.—Right thou art, Silvius, the wild beast to death to bring,
Or singing bird upon the wing
Is joy only we can know.

PRINCE (*entering*).—Hold (*all start*). So ye are what they call my hunters bold.
Who bravery in their hands do hold;
Whose fearless ways and merry hearts
Throughout the land courage imparts?
For shame, that ever this should be
And I attended by hunters like thee.

CORIN.—O Prince, thy favor we beg.
We kneweth not thou wert so near.

PRINCE.—So that is why.
Because of fear of me,
Thou holdest thy true instincts, to kill
Within thy check. (*All bow.*)
Away, I'll none of thee.
Hold. Before thou goest—
Know that my word is passed
That never more shall thou hurt or kill
A harmless thing for love of sport—
The singing bird upon the wing—
The deer—and all wild things
Are declared safe from every bow—
And only save in self-defense, shall thou take life.
For one who wouldst kill or harm any living thing
From savage love of it
Is not worthy of the life within him.
My word is passed—now go.
And mind thou thinkest deeply on my words.
(*The call of the Wolf off. All start and look off.*)

JOCK.—The White Wolf.

ALL.—The White Wolf.

SILVIUS.—See, it comes this way.
Mend thy manners, Jock, or it will be after thee.
(JOCK *flies to* PRINCE, *to amusement of others.*)

JOCK.—O good Prince, at thy feet
Protection I now seek.

PRINCE.—Stand up, be a man, whom fear becometh not.

OLIVER (*aside*).—Methinks I could pierce the heart of yon same wolf.
Such a wondrous white, like driven snow.
(*Slips to back of stage and places bow.*)

WILLIAM.—My Lord, see the White Wolf is beyond the white oak.

JOCK.—So it is, my Lord; our lives in danger be.

QUINCE.—Bid us draw the bow, my Lord.

CORIN.—I'll go hence and kill.

ALL.—See, see, my Lord, it comes. It comes. Let us draw and kill.

PRINCE.—Nay, I say.

ALL.—The Prince is mad, the Prince is mad.

OLIVER (*aside*).—I'll draw, despite the order of the Prince.
(*Draws.* PRINCE *springs in front of him, throws aside arrow and knocks* OLIVER *to ground. All stand in amazement.*)

PRINCE.—Take that for thy disobedience.
(*Cry of wolf again, changed to merry laughter as little* BLOSSOM *runs in and kneels to* PRINCE.)

BLOSSOM.—Thanks, gracious Prince, thy kindness of heart
To wild thing of the wood
Hath broken the charm
When nothing else could.
You see, I was doomed the forest to roam

In form of White Wolf,
Until from the charm released I'd be,
By the kindness of heart thou has shown to me.
Have no fear, O hunters bold,
No longer power dost thou hold.
A cruel heart may reign awhile, but not for long—
Soon it is broken and weary and withers and dies
From unkindness cold,
Like yon same floweret that holdeth no dew,
Or a little bird that doth not sing.
Its punishment to itself doth bring.

PRINCE.—Pray, pretty, little maid, what is thy name and from where cometh thou?

BLOSSOM.—O good Prince, I am Blossom. My home is Fairyland; every land or nook or place where love and kindness dwell.

ALL.—A Fairy.

JOCK.—Alack the day, a fairy!
Now I know that I am leary.
(*Points to head. All laugh.*)

PRINCE.—Sweet fairy, I would I could see thy land, if all are as fair as thee.

BLOSSOM.—Wouldst like it? So shall it be.
In a trice the court will round thee be.
(*Claps hands; enter* FAIRIES, *all dancing and singing.*)

FAIRIES.—Over hill, over dale,
Thro bush, thro brier,
O'er park, over dale,
Thro flood, thro fire,
We've wandered for cowslips
And daisies so fair to twine
In sweet Blossom's dark hair.
Lulla lulla lullaby,
Lulla lulla lullaby.
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm
Come our lovely Blossom nigh;

A cobweb cloak of silver hue,
We now on knee present to you.
Roses rare and violets sweet
For our sake, we beg thee keep.
(*Shower of roses and flowers.*)
(*Enter* KING *of fairies.*)

KING.—Sweet Blossom, the queen in rage hath died,
That mortal shouldst be found to break her charm
And all Fairyland and I on bended knee, proclaim thee Queen.

ROSE, MOSS, EVERGREEN, BRAMBLEBRIER.—Yea, sweet Blossom, be our Queen.
(SILVER WINGS *crowns her.*)

CRICKET.—Your majesty.
(*All laugh at his antics.*)

BLOSSOM.—So be it then. I your Queen shall be.
So long as all do live in harmony.
Good Prince of mortal realm,
We wish you love and life and wealth,
Great power and wondrous health,
To carry forth thy duties well.
So now, we bid thee a bright farewell.
(PRINCE *advances and kisses her hand.* FAIRIES *dance a merry dance. Big Dragon Fly up stage on runners.* BLOSSOM *mounts and is drawn off.*)

TABLEAU.

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